

NEWS FROM

Mount Aetna.

OR THE
FATAL COURTSHIP
OF THE

Rebellious Fryer,

Who made Love to the

DEVIL;

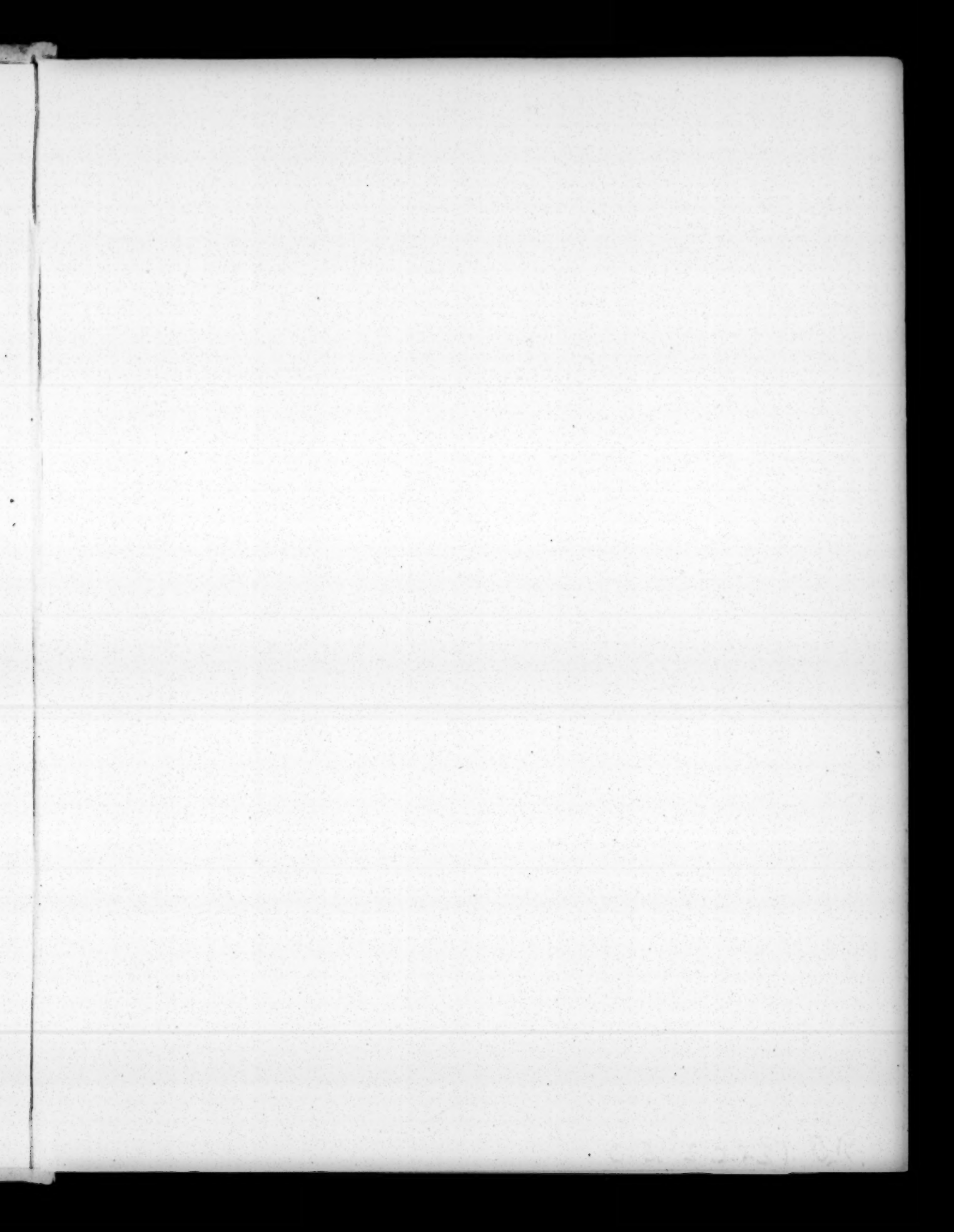
Appearing in the Shape of a

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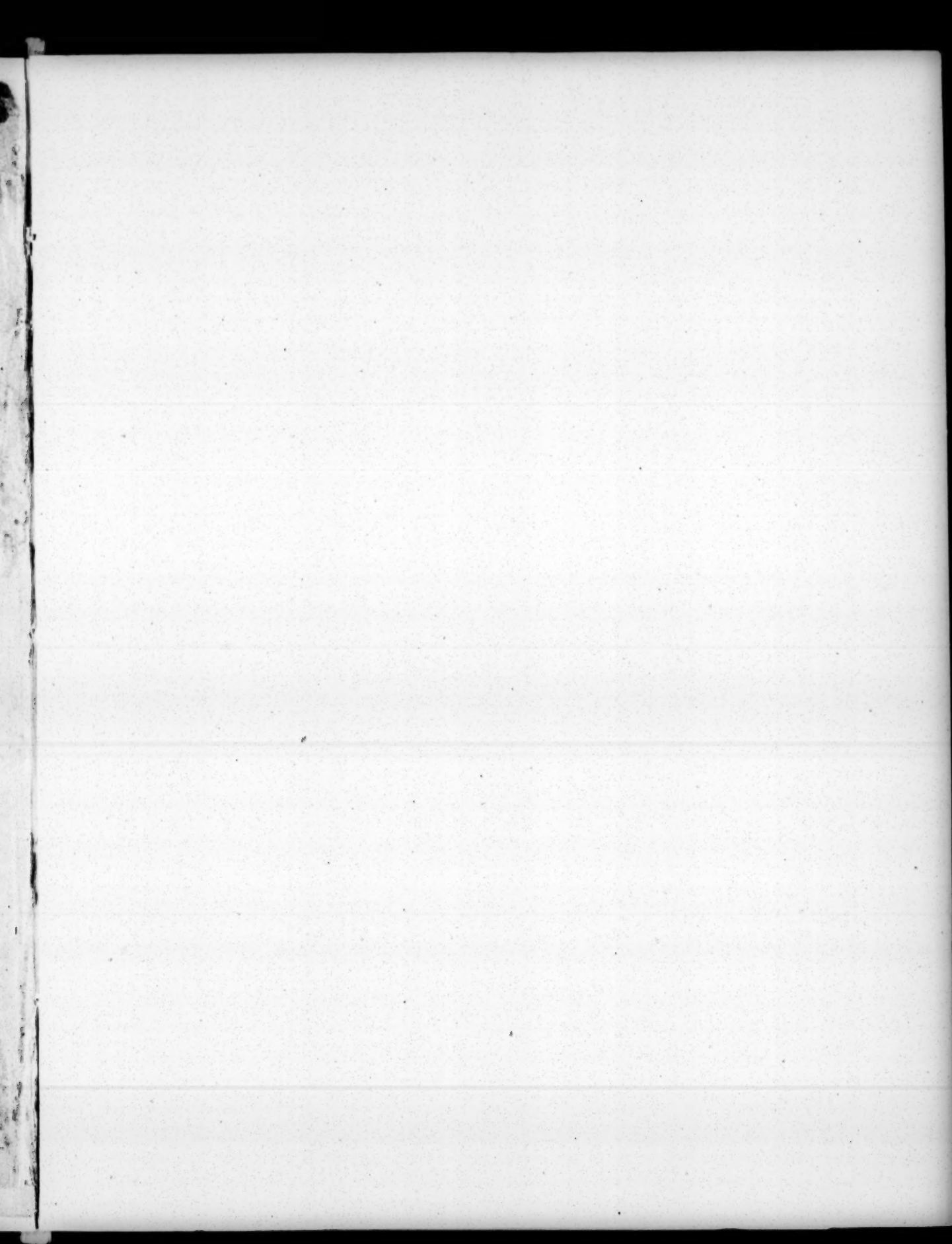
OF THE

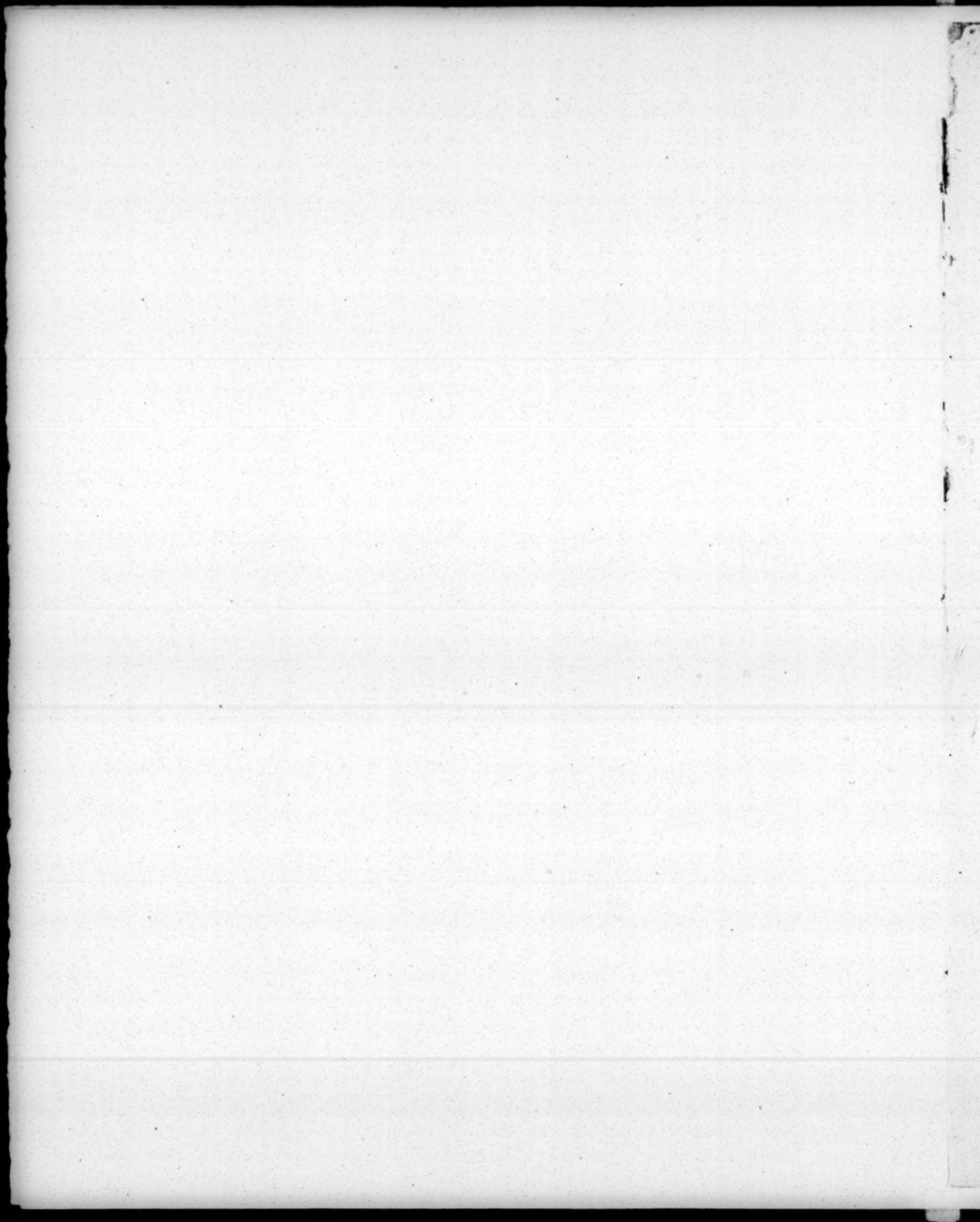
REBELLIOUS FRYAR.

There needs little Prelude to make the entertainment grateful, when Truth is drawn in a naked posture, without the help of officious lights; nor can we debauch your belief in the consequent, if the Reader consider what a terrible eruption of Brimstone and Fire that swept away like Chain-shot all it met, happen'd from Ætna about five years since, where the ruines perhaps will be more lasting, than the buildings it o'rethrew.

Besides the dangers this Mountain abodes to the Country where it Lords; the Natives, as if they were made out of the very Element, consume all Dams, and pretended oppositions: waving the Puppet-shows they made of Kings in Ages past, we have the experience of time that has scarce gone it's round,--- and be this our Subject.

That Beast the people looks on Superiours like Wolves, and thinks that the end of their Creation was to devour, rather than protect; they look on Courts, and their glory, as Comets with long Trains that draw desolation and destruction after them; and Divines, which should indeed be Shepherds, do often, and in this case especially, play the *African Foxes*, descry the Prey; and then, like Trumpeters in Battels, encourage from afar, till the danger be past, then they set in for a share. This is the case of our Fryar, who on a solemn day, from his Oracle the Pulpit, whistl'd to these heavy Lumps, who danc'd at his motion, and took their lives at second hand; they were easily





easily induc'd to believe, that the Stratico's Head stood too heavy on their shoulders; and with more ease than frail Patients that are charm'd with extraordinary Opinion of the Physician, did they receive his Prescription; which was, that they should shake off this burthen, open their eyes, and see the light, and better things; they were presently for a Commonwealth of Kings, and the Monster which before knew not it's own strength, could then plead the Law of Nature, and the freedom which was, e're that trick of State was impos'd of acknowledging order, and Monarchy: More greedy than a Vulture did they swallow this Pill, and little think, that Poyson is the chief ingredient which will cause them to swell till they burst themselves, and quite dash out the beauty of their Neighbours. The Priest being sure, by this time, of his well-done work, concluded with a *Pater Noster*; dispens'd his Blessing on the Auditory, and so dismiss'd 'em, --- after the usual manner; stating it from Pulpit to Vestry, with the intent to disrobe himself of his Innocent Garments too, and chewing the Cud there for a time, -- a Voice was heard, -- *Where is this Priest? Where is this Dominican?* This put the Priest in a Northerly fit; but recovering himself, he made it the business of his eyes to discover the Organ from whence this Voice should proceed; no Arch was unsought, nothing left unturn'd; -- his constant thoughts were, that it was some design of the Stratico's Party, an Ambuscade, the better to give fire to the Train of some hidden mischief; upon which he strove to recover the door backward, not presuming to take the guard of his eye off, for fear of too sudden an assault from one of the Vaults. He had not quite recovered the door, when groaping backward with his hand to lay hold on't, and pull it open, he was sifted by an unwonted rudeness, very uncivil to the tenderness of his Limbs, which he little thinking to meet with, forthwith (without once looking on the person) cryed out, Rogues, Thieves, Murderers: With that he was whirld quite round, and oblig'd to face to the right; he was soon convinc'd of his errour, and would have acknowledged it, but that his eyes had the ascendant of all his Senses in admiration; he stood like a Statue at the sight of this black Attacquer, and the Devil had done his business for him, but that he reliev'd his eyes for the use of his ears, and thus began to chat to him. --

(3)

Kind and gentle good Mr. Fryar ; What's the reason of all these Feuds and stirs ? has the Almighty made you for his glory , and yet volens, nolens , you will to Hell without the help of the Devil ? His God made you Lights , and will you be Fires and Flames to your selves , Canon Bullets to others , that go quite through them , and destroy in re Souls than the War will Bodies ? You may Prophesie strange things when the Devil falls a Preaching ; but he must tell you , you are a Tribe of Rascally Bug-bears ; and whereas he intended only to tyrannize in Hell , you make him a perfect Drudge , and dispatch more Souls in a day , than he can pickle in a year : Nay , you do not only play the Kid-nappers with others Souls , but by filling up the Devils Territories before you aim to cheat him of your own Knitty halves , with which he would be better pleas'd than kewing Husbands with fresh bits.

The Fryar by this time having got the wind , makes up with full sail to the Devil , huffs , and conjures him to be gone , and not arraign the Innocence of their Convent ; for , says he , we have been time out of mind Surveyours of Vices , and punishers of the same . Remember the Reformation we made in India , where we converted forty millions of Souls in an Age , and confounded almost double the number in half the time , quoth the Devil ; and were there not more Rhetorick in an Inquisition , than in your Tongues , the ignorance of the Indians had got the better of the day . -- We know you of old , said the Priest , -- we gave them demonstrations , and shew'd them that such and such things must be by the Light of Nature , and baffled them all out of their miserable tenures ; and must we be rebuk'd for this ? Marry , and Amen , said the Devil , your labour is in vain , for as long as there is a Purgatory your Pot will boil over , and fill my Kitchin , do what I can . But as touching the present case , why go you against the principles of Loyalty , incite the people against their Governour , fill your Nation with blood , and wounds , and crys , and so forth . -- To that I shall answer , quoth the Fryar , -- 'tis better to suffer much , than always ; -- for if we should approve of a Vice-Roy , and such a one too as this , we are crackt in a trice ; for beside the resentment I have against him for hindring me from preferment , he is an Enemy to all the Brethren , and much more to himself ; the Rates of Ecclesiastical Affairs are risen cent. per cent. to maintain his Lordships Kitchin ; whereas we poor souls are obliged by orders to humble our flesh , and

and our souls to live

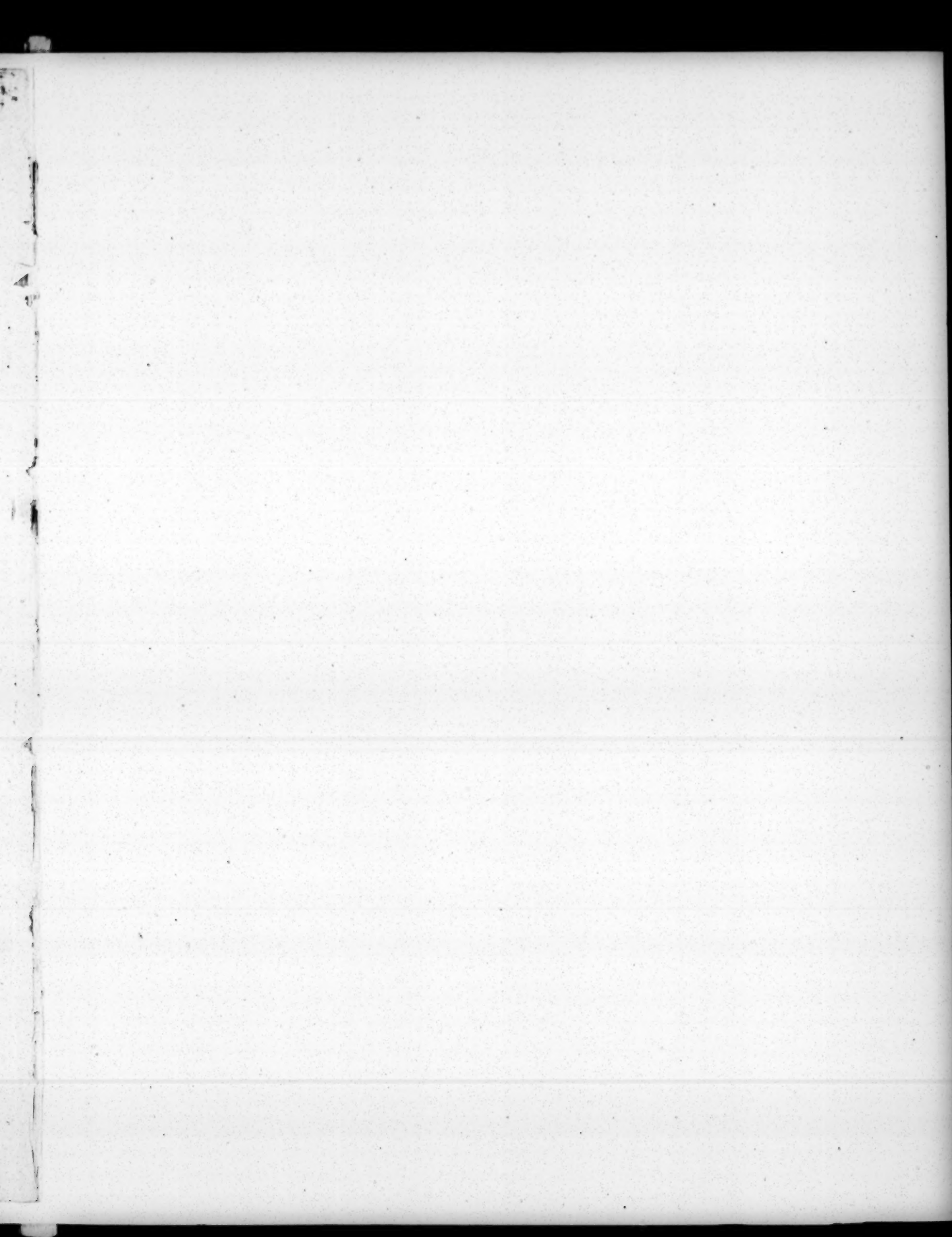
live whole days on the tip of Dew, and the like. These actions of his are meer Libels, perfect Lampoons upon his Dignity, and in plain dealing he is no better than a Pick-pocket; and to compleat his Accusation, he is (oh horrid sinner, unworthy the least mercy!) a Night-walker, a Lover of Wine, and Women.-- I have a Catalogue of almost I know not how many of his Mistresses; *Donna Rospigliosa, Ventosa Brilgia, Spineta, Theresia*.-- After all this, can one so much for the Devils service, be fit to rule and sit on our shoulders; no, I'll fight the Battle of the Lord, and in his Name defie the Devil, and all his works. At these words, without more speaking, they parted; but at his parting deportment, the Devil seem'd to intimate something of moment, which for a time we are to suspend.

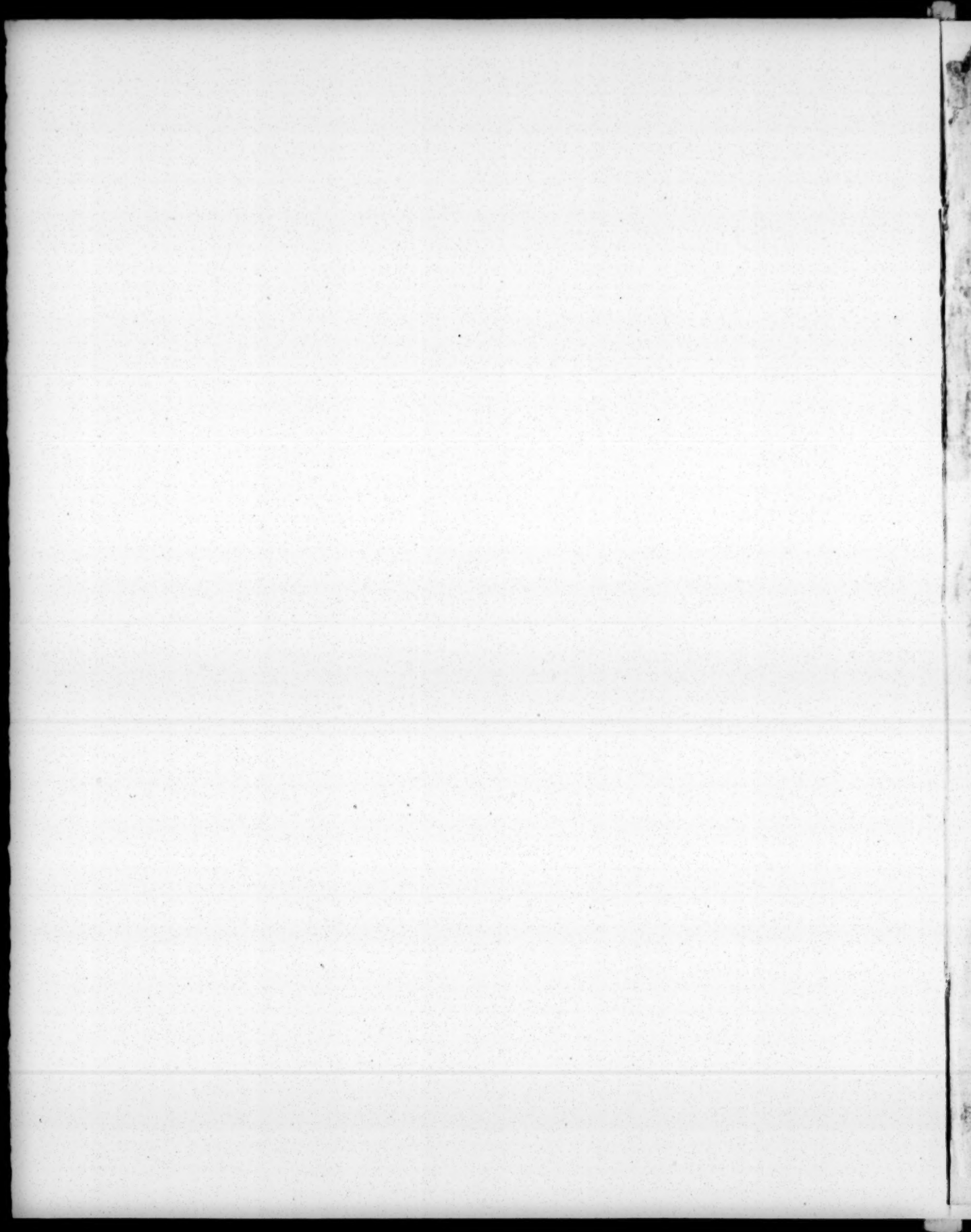
About this time happen'd a considerable passage near the Convent; the people all this while that the Devil and Fryar dialogued, did out-rage and ruine to all they met, and without more ado fell upon those houses that were Enemies to the Faction; and amongst the rest, it came to pass, that a Lady Widdows house (who had an only Daughter in a Neighbouring Monastery) was abused with violence and confusion, the Capital Rogues had enter'd her house, and measured even to the very Cabinet which they had open'd ready to share, when one *Rodago*, a Fellow not much inferiour to *Jack Straw*, or *Wat Tyler*, a lean, holy, twanging Blade, chief of the then Croud, presented himself as the Ladies Champion, and Vertues generous Servant, and laid hands on the Jewels, and some sanctified things, crying aloud, Hear ye my Brethren, in right of the righteous I secure these things.

Oh let it not be said in blemish to our good, and weighty cause, that the Fatherless have been injured, or the Widdow wronged, and so fumbled the Cabinet to the Lady in an apartment, *Rodago* very full of this Action took thanks of the Lady, and sought further applause amongst the distressed, within some minutes after the Lady perusing the Cabinet, found some Jewels, with a *Crucifex* gon astray on which she presently sought out the risslers those Capital-Rogues, aforesaid, and impeach'd them for Sacraledg before their own Governour, not unmindful to commend *Rodago's* generosity, the Governour loath to wage War with Heaven, spent a deal of curiosity in
Exami-

Examination, and promised to right her wrongs, they were searcht severally, and protested not guilty in that concern; but in fine in comes *Rodago*, and with the *Fryar's* recommendation pulling out a Commission for the Governour's Seal, dropt these mention'd goods; a sufficient discharge to the impeach'd, and argument enough of his own baseness which turn'd him quite tother side the saddle, of his expected preferment and brought into Question, the *Fryar's* vertues and grace of distinguishing men.

Though the new Lord could not make provision, at first against all outrages, yet resolving for the future to act methodically, knowing very well that the love of the people was not to be wonn but by usage fair, hee invites the cheif, amongst which the Fryer had not the lowest chaire to a sumptuous entertainment, and then insisted on this particular, desired a reformation, and that satisfaction might bee given to the persons offended; he address'd himself at last particularly to the Fryer; but withal acknowledg'd him for the instrument of god for bringing those great things to pass, the Fryer took his acclamations with as much Pride as young Victors do their Laurels, then they all began to doze him with confounding and damming healths, with large promises of a *Cardinals Cap*, and perhaps if fortune succour'd their designs of the *Papal Chair*, with which his Spirit had got the start of the Sun, and now like that he must round his walks, not as much to improve himself, as to benefit others; he takes his way to a *Monastery* where the *Abbes* was his Creature, but she then being very well employ'd in entertaining worthy visitants, could not in civility attend his commands, he admits the excuse, and writes his pleasure from an apartment, which was to permit a Lady call'd *Famagosa*, (whose Mother had just then suffered violence from the Faction) to be entertained by him in a Neighbouring walk, (where he was gon before) for that he was to relate something to her of grand importance; the Lady *Abbes* promises her endeavours, dispatches the messenger, sends for the Lady, (and upon departure of the visitants which presently followed) communicates the business to this young Lady, the Virgin with a rage not altogether misbecoming her, replied---*Madam*, can you so easily be brought to corrupt your self, and me, or to dispence with these holy vowes I made never to see
Sun





Sun without the Cloyster gates? is it for this I have submitted my self, and fortune to your care. Oh easy faith! what is a womans will, how thin, and loose it sits in her, Oh worst of woman kind are you to tempt me, to oblige the man I hate this day is fill'd with moments, black as Hell fill'd by his hand too. Consider his outrages in *Messina* the ruin brought upon my Ancestors, what his proffers may be or what his satisfaction Heaven knows, and will protect me against him, the Lady *Abess* was quite stunn'd at this discourse, and wanting confidence to blame the Virgin dismiss her excusing her mediation, and the holy Father's righteous designs, leave me this *Abess* musing how to oblige the *Fryar* some other way.

Notwithstanding *Famagosa's* unkindness, the *Fryar* was not long without a companion, as soon as he could reasonably expect her, steps from the *Monastery* comes by a Lady-Nun (the same as he thought) whom the *Fryar* meets with reverence profound, and thus accosts *Madam*! to excuse my boldness were to aggravate my crime, and oblige you to think it a sin in giving me this opportunity of Kissing your fair hands. You have in this one act out-don all the kindness I could e're design, and when I have more power to speak, on bended knees I will implore you to forget the misdemeanors of this day, and mark, and bless with me this white moment, wherein I have power to lay beneath your feet something perchance that's worthy your acceptance, name the preferment wherein your sex can succeed, and I have a sufficient Title to make it yours; at these words the Lady cast an amorous glance upon him, and fate the old man all on fire, upon which he proceeds very smartly. Oh *Madam* how I grieve at the fate that hangs on these robes, these murdering vestures, that makes us think always on our Graves, and work under-ground-like Moles,---I beseech you Lady put by your lean pale-fac'd vertue, I would we both kept better company; forgo her for a while, a yeer, a month, a day, a minute; and forgiveness be on us both, countenance my Passion, and receive my embraces: with that this old Lecher went to grasp and his Mistress straitwith vanish and left him, combating the air---presently a hideous noise, as if ten thousand Coaches had been running on rough stones, was heard and after a short time this following Scene begun.

The Devil appear'd then in his own likeness, and fell pat to
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the purpose; thou dreg of baseness said the Devil, thou intricate folded Hypocrite, are all thy protestations, all thy daub'd vicious pretences come to this, must thou to my teeth discern those vices in others which now thou so odiously dost follow, how soon after the converse I had with thee in the vestry, was one of thy faction guilty of more impudent cheats then thy Libels on thy Governour could make out; if God has made thee an instrument, tis as the Devils are for no advantage to thy self, but to torment others; see now what thou art come too, the Lady whose estate thou hast ruin'd, has kept her vertues free from thy Temptations; is this your Religion, must defiled unclean sheets be your God, are these your pretences for deposing a Vice-Roy, whose vertues cover his vices from all but Envy; but by this you thought to encourage your debaucheries, to strengthen your crimes, and to make wickedness Authentick, I am witness, I am the Lady Nun you courted, give my ears the lie and you dare, with that the Devil, gave him a lift at the Crupper, and told him he must for *Ætna*, without dispute, the *Fryar* cry'd aloud, but all was in vain, leachery was his fate, and fire to fire quoth the Devil. *Ætna* shall be thy Portion, with that the Devil took his pack, and faithfully conveyed him to the promised place, whence after some horrid noise in little time fierce and terrible ebullitions issued forth; and after the torrent ceased, the *Fryars* bones were seen by some Nuns, whom the Lady *Abbes* had sent to gratify the *Fryer*, and invite him to the *Monastery*, to stick in peace meals in divers places of the Earth, all along as far as the current which was just to the foot of the walk, from whence he was hurried, and there let them stich as everlasting monuments to warn Traytors, and Hypocrites from their cheats and Rogueries.

FINIS.



